

# Tropico Interurban Sentinel

FREE AND FEARLESS

Devoted to the Interests of Tropico and the San Fernando Valley

VOL. II.

TROPICO, CALIF., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1912.

NO. 46.

## STAR THEATRE

GABAG BLDG. SAN FERNANDO ROAD TROPICO  
Every evening except Sunday, 7:30 p. m.  
Matinees Saturdays and Holidays, 3 p. m.

THE BEST  
IN MOTION  
PHOTOGRAPHY

COMPLETE CHANGE  
OF PROGRAMME  
MONDAYS,  
WEDNESDAYS  
AND FRIDAYS

SEE HAND BILLS FOR LIST OF FILMS THIS WEEK

WONDERFUL SELIG TWO-REEL FEATURE

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, JAN. 3 & 4, 1913

### Kings of the Forest

A Wild Animal Sensation.  
Don't Miss It!

We start the New Year with a new and up-to-date stock of Infants', Boys' and Girls' wearing apparel, also a complete line of shoes for the youngsters that will give satisfaction.

When you need anything for your Little One, let us know or visit us.

## The Juvenile Shop

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1107 BROADWAY, GLENDALE

## FERDINAND C. RIGALI

SOLOIST

TEACHER OF VIOLIN

Former Pupil of  
Sig. Placido Flumara  
of the Boston Symphony

560 Brand Boulevard Tropico, Cal.

## DANCE THE OLD YEAR OUT

AND THE NEW YEAR IN WITH

### Visor Lodge No. 293, Knights of Pythias

PYTHIAN HALL, TROPICO, CAL.  
TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 31, 1912

COMMITTEE:

C. C. Rittenhouse, Jr., C. C. Haggood, Geo. Howe

SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS

BUSCHES' ORCHESTRA

Leap Year Dance Until 12 o'clock

PHONE:  
HOME 1542

SPECIAL ORDERS  
SOLICITED

## Home Bakery and Confectionery

Ice Cream, Sodas and Candy

Home-Made Bread, Pies, Cakes and Cookies a Specialty.

110 S. SAN FERNANDO ROAD

CHAS. HIPP, Proprietor

TROPICO, CAL.

GIVE US A TRIAL

OUR SERVICE WILL PLEASE YOU

GOOD EATS

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E. E. BUTLER, Prop.

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TROPICO, CAL.

Phone 47J

JOHN S. LAWYER

Interior Decorator and Painter

219 Mountain View Ave.

Tropico, Cal.

SECOND SEASON

## THE MISSION PLAY

Dramatic and Picturesque

REINCARNATION OF FRANCISCO ROMANCE AND GLORY

Every afternoon 2:00 p. m. Every evening 8:15 p. m.  
Excepting Monday

## New Mission Theatre

SAN GABRIEL

Reserved seats on sale at Wiley B. Allen Company's Music Store, 416 South Broadway, Los Angeles, and the Mission Theater box office, San Gabriel.

Ample service for both afternoon and evening performances.

MAIN STREET STATION

## Pacific Electric Railway

### TRUSTEES' MEETING.

Thursday, December 26, 1912.  
Members and officers all present except Trustee Hobbs. Minutes of last regular meeting read, corrected and approved.

Appeal from action of Street Superintendent and officers of the City in accepting Acacia Avenue street work and executing warrant for same to contractor, was taken up and heard. C. H. Muhleman of West 10th Street appeared for appellants and George W. Crouch, of Los Angeles, appeared for Mr. Howard, the contractor, under whom the work was done. It was admitted by Mr. Muhleman that to all appearances the contractor had performed his construction work to the City Engineer's grade lines and that so far as his work is concerned it was not objectionable. The fault was, if anywhere, in the laying out of the work without a care to the proper drainage of storm water from the street. As it is the drainage is from both ends of the street into a depression in it at the foot of Mariposa Street. At its junction with Glendale Avenue flood water down that street is turned into this depression. It was not so much to prevent a warrant issuing to the contractor for the work as it was to have something done to remedy this condition.

It was explained by Mr. Lynch, City Engineer, that the depression complained of was natural and not artificial and arose from taking the street across a natural draw from above 9th Street in Glendale southward across Moore Avenue into the Barranca at the base of the Tropico hills. He had left the depression to avoid the alternative of an expensive fill and so "putting the residences of Mr. Stein and Mr. Nicholson in a hole." It was a condition for which there could be no satisfactory escape until a system of sewerage was provided for the city. The condition was by no means an intolerable one, but it was one that could not be removed without extraordinary expense, an expense which he did not think its seriousness justified.

Mr. Crouch asked that, inasmuch as Mr. Howard had admittedly fulfilled his contract in the construction work of the improvement according to grade plan and specifications for the work, that the appeal be denied. If the appellants were dissatisfied with the plan of the improvement they should come before the board with a petition for what they wanted done to remedy the condition, not to hold up the pay of the contractor for having done his work according to contract.

On motion of Mr. Oliver, seconded by Mr. Webster, the appeal was denied and the warrant confirmed by the unanimous vote of the Board. Resolution adopted awarding Peter L. Ferry the contract for the improvement of Park Avenue from Glendale Avenue on the East to the city limits at the Southern Pacific Railway Crossing on the West, from which point it is expected the improvement will be taken up and projected on into Griffith Park. The cost of the work under contract will average \$135 a front foot. When completed it will be one of the finest and most popular thoroughfares in the city.

The following resolution calling on the Tropico Water Company for a statement of water services, receipts and disbursements and expenditures annually since commencing business, etc., was read and adopted. Ordinance regulating the planting and pruning of trees in and along the streets and parkways of the city read a first time and laid over for a second reading under the rules.

RESOLUTION NO. 110.  
A Resolution Requiring Water Companies to Furnish Statements.  
The Board of Trustees of the City of Tropico Do Resolve as Follows:

Section 1. That any corporation, company or person supplying water to the City of Tropico, or to the inhabitants thereof, is hereby required to furnish to the Board of Trustees of said City of Tropico, in the month of January, 1913, a detailed statement, verified by the oath of the President and Secretary of such corporation or company, or of such person, as the case may be, showing the name of each water-rate payer, his or her place of residence, and the amount paid for water by each of such water-rate payers, during the year preceding the date of such statement, and also showing the revenue derived from all sources, and an itemized statement of expenditures made for supplying water during said time.

Section 2. Accompanying the first statement as prescribed in Section 1 hereof, every such corporation, company or person shall furnish a detailed statement, verified in like manner as the statement mentioned in Section 1 hereof, showing the amount of money actually expended annually, since commencing business, in the purchase, construction and maintenance, respectively, of the property necessary to the carrying on of its business, and also the gross cash receipts annually, for the same period from all sources.

Section 3. The City Clerk shall certify to the passage of this resolution, and shall also transmit a certified copy of the same to each of such corporations, companies or persons supplying water to said City of Tropico, or to the inhabitants thereof.

Adopted this 26th day of December, 1912.  
C. A. BANCROFT,  
President of the Board of Trustees of the City of Tropico.

Attest:  
S. M. STREET,  
City Clerk of the City of Tropico.

Mr. D. O. Martin has his plans ready and contract let for a brick building on the northwest corner of the lot north of the Tropico Bank building. What an improvement as well as benefit it would be to the business section of the City to have the remaining vacant space on that lot covered with substantial business houses. There is a demand for them and, if not built there, will soon be built some where else. The spread of business in a growing community like this can not be restrained by want of room. If not found in one part of the City it will be in another.

### GREAT MID-WINTER POULTRY SHOW.

TRUSTEE OLIVER A WINNER.

The "Madison Square Poultry Show of the Pacific" is appointed for next week, January 8th to the 14th, inclusive, at Fiesta Park, Pico Street and Grand Avenue, Los Angeles, and promises to be the most imposing affair of its kind ever held on the coast. The herald of the big event, Joseph E. Davis, Secretary of the Poultry Breeders' Association, 610 South Main Street, Los Angeles, has placed in our hands a copy of the official premium list of 63 specials, covering the range of breeds from A to Izzard.

Of course every one interested in poultry, and who is not? will patronize the mammoth exhibit. The fame of Tropico in this connection will be looked after by Irving H. Oliver of the City's Board of Trustees. At the recent San Diego Poultry Show, on his Silver Composites, Mr. Oliver took 7 firsts, 1 second and 4 special ribbons for best shape male and female.

Also, in competition with four other breeds, he carried off 2 loving cups, for highest scoring male and female. Mr. Oliver will have fourteen birds at the Los Angeles show next week.

### EXPANDING HOSPITALITY.

Mrs. C. M. Scott and family, 315 South Glendale avenue, entertained the little folks of their immediate neighborhood with a time-honored Christmas-tree festival on the day of all others just gone by. Their guests were thirty-one, a whole yard full, in highest scoring male and female. Mr. Oliver will have fourteen birds at the Los Angeles show next week.

It is doubtful which of the two, the good Mrs. Scott or her little guests, had the most real enjoyment out of the affair. All were alike happy.

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### LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

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### ATTRACTIVE BUNGALOW RESIDENCES FOR SALE AT POPULAR PRICES AND ON EASY TERMS.

One 5-room and two 6-room, of stylish designs and first class appointments, on the installment plan. Also, for rent, a 4-room dwelling.

M. G. COUGHLAN  
245 Cerritos Avenue Tropico

The Pacific Electric Railway has put its crossing of the San Fernando River into fine shape with the use of macadam, so that now the back-breaking experience of getting over the tracks in an automobile is eliminated.

At the sale of the Winne homestead by W. B. Pratt, Executor of the Estate, W. C. Seal was the highest bidder, and the sale of the same to him for \$2250.00 has been confirmed by the Probate Court.

The Avenue 20 bridge over Arroyo Seco is completed and is a magnificent structure of cement and iron, but will never come into its own until the stretch of street on to Pasadena Avenue is made passable.

Owners of property along Brand Boulevard are getting things in readiness for the grand "opening" long since promised.

Mr. and Mrs. William Smith and family, 319 South Glendale Avenue, are home from a pleasant visit with friends at Redlands.

Jack Fishel and wife visited friends and relatives in Tropico during the Christmas holidays.

Peter L. Ferry was the successful bidder for the improvement work on Park Avenue.

We wish you a happy and prosperous New Year. Ask your grocer "CLARK'S" SUGAR.

Edwin Evans and wife have taken apartments at Hotel Tropico.

Passel Spear is at home from Braxley for the holidays.

### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH.

First Church of Christ, Scientist, of Glendale. Services in the Masonic Hall on Brand Boulevard. Sunday, 11 a. m., Wednesday, 8 p. m. Sunday School 9:30 a. m.

### OPPORTUNITY COLUMN.

Use "CLARK'S EXTRA FINE SUGAR" and you will have no fear of the result. It's the best.

HATS! HATS! TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED—Modish and Handsome. At Greatly Reduced Prices. HODAPP & WEITHOFF'S Milliners 606 W. Broadway, Glendale. 3t

MacDONALD'S EXPRESS, TRANSFER AND STORAGE

For careful Piano and Furniture moving by experienced men call MacDonald's Express.

WOOD FOR SALE—1 have about fifty cords of wood, sawed in lengths suitable for stove or fireplace, which I must sell at once, at the following prices: Large chunks for fireplace, eucalyptus, \$10.00 a cord; mixed willow, cottonwood and pepper, \$7.00 a cord of 3 tiers. Small chunks for heating stove, eucalyptus, \$11.00 a cord; mixed willow, cottonwood and pepper \$7.50 a cord of 3 tiers. Stove wood for cook stoves, same price as small chunks. Limb wood for cook stoves, \$6.50 a cord. Mixed wood 25c a sack. Sacks for \$2.00 delivered. A. G. Grommet, West End Park Ave., Tropico, Tel. Glendale 25-R.

WANTED—John A. Treat to report to this office or Ernest H. Owen Co., 1106 W. Broadway, Glendale. Good news.

WANTED—Washing or house work by the hour or day. Mrs. Cunningham, 515 Grace court, Tropico, Cal.

For Electric Fixtures go to The Electric Shop, 203 San Fernando Rd.

GOING AWAY? Let us sell your goods. We trade new goods for old. Gem Furniture Co., 3rd and Glendale Ave., Glendale. Phone 667-J.

WANTED—Horses, wagons, buggies and harness. 109 N. San Fernando Road. Phone Sunset 826. J. H. Adair. Nov. 26 to

FOR SALE—Lot on Wilkinson court; 60x110; price \$450.00; \$100.00 cash; balance to suit.

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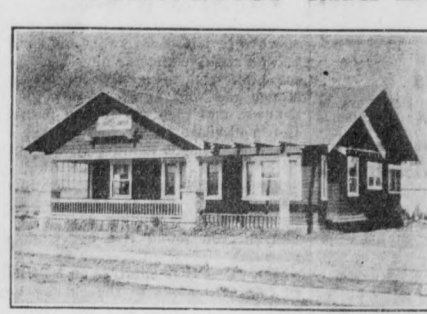
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J. J. BURKE

Phone 256-J

## Contractor and Builder



Plans and Estimates Furnished

220  
Blanche  
Avenue  
Tropico, Cal.

Phone 778

Home 2333

## ROBINSON BROS.

### Cash Grocery

Special prices on Candies, Nuts, Fruits, Raisins. Cigars, 50c, \$1.00, \$2.00 box, in Xmas boxes.

FANCY SHIMA POTATOES, \$1.20 cwt. Think of it.

We have Tropico, Bradford's and Jevne Bread; also Pastry.

Complete line of Vegetables.

FREE DELIVERY

## Tropico Pharmacy

G. C. Baker, Proprietor

## MR. AND MRS. F. W. KELLAR

Robusto Tenore, Dramatic Soprano and Piano

TEACHERS OF PIANO AND VOICE

112 S. Brand Blvd.

Tropico, Cal.

## SUNSET NURSERY

San Fernando Road and Brand Boulevard  
TROPICO

The largest and best assortment of trees and shrubs in the valley. Order your fruit trees early. We have a fine assortment, most of them of our own growing. Our ornamental trees and shrubbery can't be beat. Telephone if you cannot call, but better come and see our stock. Sunset 374-R.

Res. Sunset Phone 557-J

Office 716-J

## C. S. HUNTER

PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING

115 SAN FERNANDO ROAD

TROPICO, CAL.

## Bank of Tropico

PAID UP CAPITAL \$25,000.00  
SURPLUS AND PROFITS, \$2,500.00

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT, \$2.00 PER YEAR

YOUR BANKING RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED

DAN CAMPBELL,  
President



# The Root of Evil

By THOMAS DIXON

Copyright, 1911, by Thomas Dixon

(Continued from last week.)

## SYNOPSIS

Stuart, southern lawyer in New York, is in love with Nan Primrose. His friend, Dr. Woodman, who has a young daughter, is threatened with the loss of his drug business by Bivens, whom he befriended years before. Stuart visits the Primroses.

Stuart to accept a place with cal trust. He declines and refuses. Bivens calls

Bivens is in love with Nan. Stuart refuses the offer, and the doctor stands engagement with the lawyer. Bivens asks Woodman to enter the trust.

Woodman will not yield and sue Bivens' company. The promoter tells the doctor he and Nan are engaged. Harriet Woodman is studying music. Stuart takes Nan for a day in the country.

Stuart comes with Nan to give up Bivens, but she says of millions in her and she yields to it.

Nan becomes Mrs. Bivens. Harriet loves Stuart, but he does not know it. Nine years pass. Stuart becomes district attorney. He investigates criminal trusts. Nan asks him to call.

Stuart wants Woodman to end his suit against Bivens, but the doctor stands firm. Bivens aids Stuart in his investigation of crooked financiers.

Stuart's revelations aid in bringing on a crisis. Bivens promises to aid the Van Dam Trust company, which is in trouble. Woodman needs money badly.

In the stock market slump engineered by Bivens, Woodman and many others lose all. The trust company fails because Bivens, at command of the money king, breaks his word. Stuart faces his critics in front of Bivens' bank.

Stuart had scarcely passed the door when he stopped, struck dumb with amazement. In the center of the great office was a sight that held him spell-bound. An immense vermilion wood table, six feet wide and fifty feet in length filled the center. On it the wizard had placed his fortune of ninety millions of dollars. Twenty millions were in gold, its heavy weight sustained by extra stanchions. The coin, apparently all new from the national mint, was carefully arranged around the edges of the table in a solid bulwark two feet high.

Behind this gleaming yellow pile of gold he had placed his stocks and bonds—each pile showing on its top layer the rich green, gold or purple colors of its issue, each pile marked with a tag which showed its total amount. The effect was stunning.

Bivens approached the table softly and reverently, as a priest approaches the high altar, and touched the gold with the tips of his slender little fingers.

"I've just begun!"

"You've just begun?" Stuart interrupted laughingly.

"Yes, you'll understand what I mean before I've finished the day's work."

"But why?" the young lawyer asked passionately. "Such a purpose seems



On it the Wizard Had Placed His Fortune of Ninety Millions.

to me in view of this stunning revelation the sheerest insanity. Life, the one priceless thing we possess, is too short. I can see you shoveling coal through all eternity!"

"But I happen to be going to the other place," Bivens broke in good naturedly.

Stuart looked at the pile of gold a moment and then at Bivens and said slowly:

"Well, if you do get there, Cal, there's one thing certain, the angels will have to sleep with their pocket-books under their pillows."

Bivens' eyes sparkled and a smile played about the hard lines of his mouth. In spite of his doubtful nature he enjoyed the tribute to his financial genius beneath the banter of his friend's joke. With a gesture of conscious dignity he turned to the table and quietly said:

"You will find on this table exactly \$90,000,000. Within an hour you can examine each division of coin, stocks and bonds and bear witness to the truth of my assertions. I'm going to close that door and leave you here for an hour."

"Alone with all that?"

"Oh, there's only one way out," Bivens laughed—"through my little reception room, and I'll be there. I'll meet some of the gentlemen who are wait-

ing. When you are satisfied of the accuracy of my account, just tap on my door and I'll join you immediately. Do the inspection carefully. It's of grave importance. I shall call on you as a witness by and by before that group of newspaper men."

When Stuart had satisfied himself of the accuracy of the count, he stood gazing at the queer looking piles of yellow metal and richly tinted paper, stunned by the attempt to realize the enormous power over men which it represented. When the huge pile should thrill with life at the touch of the deft fingers of the master who could grasp its stunning force in human affairs, who could tell its possibilities?

The age of materialism had dawned, and the new age knew but one god, whose temple was the market place. A wave of bitterness swept his spirit, and for the first time he questioned for the briefest moment whether he had missed the way in life. Only for a moment, and then the feeling passed, and in its place slowly rose a sense of angry resentment against Bivens and all his tribe. When the little swarthy figure suddenly appeared in the doorway his soul was in arms for the struggle he knew coming.

"Well, you found I've not made a mistake?"

"No. To put it mildly, you will not be forced to apply to the charity bureau for any outside help this year."

"You have counted \$90,000,000 there. As I told you awhile ago, I've just begun. I've schemes on foot that circle the globe. I've made up my mind to have you with me. We won't discuss terms now—that's a mere detail—the thing is for us to get at the differences between us. Now say the meanest and hardest things you can think. I understand."

"My opinion, Cal, of your business methods are known to every one. They say that the warriors of the Dakota Indians used to eat the heart of a fallen foe to increase their courage. Your business methods haven't made much progress beyond this stage, so far as I can see."

Bivens stroked his silken beard with a nervous, puzzled movement and said:

"The passion for money, money for its own sake, right or wrong, is the motive power of the modern world. That's why I laugh at my critics and sneer at threats. I am secure because I've built my career on the biggest fact of the century."

"But," Stuart broke in, "you don't live. You are engaged in an endless fight, desperate, cruel, mercenary—for what?"

"The game, man, the game!"

"Game? What game? To crush and kill for the mere sake of doing it, as a sheep killing dog strangles fifty lambs in a night for the fun of hearing them bleat?"

"But, Jim," the little financier protested, "I don't make men as they are, nor did I make conditions."

"You are a wrecker and not a builder."

"But is that true?" Bivens interrupted eagerly. "I'm organizing the industries of the world. I have furthered the progress of humanity."

"Yes, in a way you have. And if the price of goods continues to rise for another ten years as it has during the past ten under your organizing the human race will be compelled to make still further progress. They will have to move to another planet. Nobody but a millionaire can live on this one. A day of reckoning is bound to come. But a millionaire dies every day. Nobody knows. Nobody cares. Is such a life at its best worth living? And yours is never at its best. You can't eat much. You don't sleep well and you can't live beyond fifty-five."

"Don't talk nonsense, Jim; I'll live as long as you."

"And yet you turn pale when I speak of death."

Bivens suddenly drew his watch and spoke with quick, nervous energy:

"I must call those reporters and get rid of them as soon as possible."

He gave the order, and in a few moments walked back into the room followed by the newspaper men, a half dozen young fellows with clean cut, eager faces. Not one of them showed a pencil or a note book, but not a feature of the startling exhibition escaped their intelligence. Every eye flashed with piercing light, every nerve quivered with sensitive impressions.

They looked at Bivens with peculiar awe. Stuart noted with a smile that not one of them spoke loudly in the presence of ninety millions of dollars. When Bivens led them out at last and returned to the room, he was in high spirits.

"Now, Jim," he began hastily, "if you have said all the bad things you can possibly think about me, we'll get down to business and I'll present the big proposition you can't resist."

## CHAPTER XII.

### Temptation.

WHEN Stuart had seated himself on a luxurious leather covered chair in the little sitting room he gazed into the flickering fire with a feeling of strange excitement.

He could hear Bivens giving orders to his employees about the removal of his millions to the vaults below. It would take hours to complete the task. He could hear the deep vibrant ring of the gold, as the men dumped it into bags.

As he listened to the curious sound he began dimly to realize that the foundations of his life and character were being undermined. There could be no mistake about it, although he had made some brave talk to Bivens' face as he stared at the daring display of his money.

He lifted his eyes from the fire and

they rested on an exquisite miniature of Nan which had been painted just after her marriage. He forgot the ten black years of loneliness and struggle. He was standing before her again in all the pride and strength of those last days of passionate longing and bitter rebellion.

His heart gave a throb of fierce protest against the fate that had robbed him of the one thing on earth he had ever really desired. He tried in vain to separate her from the struggle of character and principle he was fighting with Bivens.

When Bivens entered he found his tall figure bent low in the chair and a scowl on his face. The little black eyes sparkled with the certainty of victory. He knew the poison was at work and its wine had found the soul.

"Now, Jim, down to business! You can see that I have the cash. What I must have to do the big thing I dreamed is a right hand man whom I can trust with my money, my body and my soul. He must be a man with brains and farseeing eyes. A man who will fight to the death and be loyal with every breath, who will work day and night, a man of iron nerve, iron muscle and a heart of steel. Come in with me, Jim, for all you're worth, with all your brain and will and personality, without a single reservation, and I'll give you a partnership of one-fourth interest in my annual income, and I'll guarantee that it shall never be less than a million a year."

Stuart sprang to his feet and stared at Bivens, gasping.

"You mean this—are you serious? I expected the offer of a generous salary. Cal, but this is simply stunning."

"I told you I'd make you a proposition so big and generous you couldn't get away from it. But mind you, I've the best reasons for making it. We are entering the last phase of a world struggle for financial supremacy. This country is to be the real center of modern power. We must become and will become quickly the economic masters of the world. When that happens somebody is going to be master here."

Bivens rose and paced back and forth a moment.

"Somebody's going to be master here, Jim," he repeated, "and it's not going to be a mob, the stupid, howling, slobbering thing that clutched at your throat that day in front of my bank."

"No."

"Nor will it be a clumsy soulless corporation called a 'trust,' either, a thing that can be bagged and hounded by every hungry, thieving politician who gets into office. The coming master of masters, the king of kings will be a man—a man on whose imperial word will hang the fate of empires. I met the king of America the other day in this panic. He sent for me. You can bet I answered the call. He made me out loud and swore that I liked the taste of it. But I'll get even with him yet!"

Two vivid spots suddenly appeared on the swarthy cheeks and he choked into silence for a moment, continuing:

"The world is waiting for its real master—not a multimillionaire, but the coming billionaire. The king of kings is yet to come. If I had been ready in this panic with the capital I have today I could have made a billion. With the power and experience I now have and one such man as you on whom I can depend I'd double my fortune every year. That means that in five years I will be a billionaire, and only forty-two."

"A billion dollars will double itself in seven years. At forty-two I'd be worth a billion. At forty-nine I'd have two billions. At fifty-eight I'd be worth four billions—and just old enough to really begin to do things."

"Give me one billion unanswerable to my will alone, and I can rule this nation. Give me four billions and no king or emperor, president or parliament on this globe dare to make peace or war without consulting me."

"How long could this republic stand if such a man should see fit to change its form? Even now our petty millionaires buy courts and legislatures, and the control of great cities. But the new king would know no limitations to this power. If Europe now cringes to the feet of our present millionaire king of Wall street, our emperors beg his favor and princes wait at his door, what could the real ruler of the world do?"

Bivens' voice again sank into low, passionate whispers, while his black eyes again became two points of fierce gleaming light.

When the crucial moment came for Stuart's manhood to answer, the speech of brave denunciation died on his lips. At the door of this yellow empire, mightier than kings in purple robe, his conscience halted, hesitated and stammered. He found himself, in spite of honor and character, for the moment measuring himself with Bivens in the struggle for supremacy which would sooner or later come between them if he should enter such an alliance.

"You needn't rush your decision, Jim. Take your time. Think it over from every point of view. You're bound to accept in the end."

Stuart flushed and his hand trembled. "It's no use in my quibbling, Cal, your offer is a striking one. It tempts me immensely. I feel the call of the old blood struggle in me. I'm beginning to see now that the world's battles are no longer fought with sword and gun."

"Take your time, Jim," Bivens broke in, rising. "In the meantime I've got to see more of you. Nan wants it, and I want it. The politicians have turned you down, but the big men who count are afraid of you and they'll go out of their way to meet you. Come up to dinner with us tonight. I want you to make my home your home whether you accept my offer or not."

Stuart hesitated.

"Really, Cal, I oughtn't to go to night. I'm afraid I've let you take too much for granted. I've got to fight this thing out alone. It's the biggest thing physically and morally I've ever been up against. I've got to be alone for awhile."

"Oh, nonsense, be alone as much as you like later. Nan insisted on my bringing you tonight, and you've got to come, to save me from trouble if nothing else. I've an engagement down town after dinner. You and Nan can talk over old times. I promise you faithfully that not a word of business shall be spoken."

Stuart felt the foundations of life slipping beneath his feet and yet he couldn't keep back the answer:

"All right, I'll come."

As Stuart dressed for the dinner that he thought of Harriet with a pang. He had promised her to try to keep out of danger. But could she know or understand the struggle through which he was passing? He wondered vaguely why he had seen so little of her lately. She had become more and more absorbed in her music, and her manner had grown shy and embarrassed. Yet whenever he had resented it and stopped to lounge and chat and draw her out, she was always her sweet self. The doctor, too, had avoided him of late, and he noticed that his clothes had begun to look shabby. He caught him hurrying from the house and laid his hand affectionately on his arm.

"These are tough times, doctor, and if you need any help you must let me know."

"The older man's voice trembled as he replied:

"Thank you, my boy, that's a very unusual speech to hear these days. It renews my faith in the world."

"You're not in trouble?"

The doctor lifted his head gently. "My troubles are so much lighter than those of the people I know I can't think of them. So many of my friends and patients have given up in this panic. So many have died for the lack of bread. I'll let you know if I'm in trouble myself."

He paused and pressed Stuart's hand.

"I'm glad you asked me. The sun will shine brighter today. I must hurry."

With a swing of his stalwart form and a generous wave of his hand he was gone.

When Stuart reached the drive he alighted and walked slowly toward the Bivens palace. He had never been there before. He had always avoided the spot. He smiled now at the childishness of his attitude toward Nan.

The full moon had just risen and flooded the drive and park and river with silvery mystery. He studied the effects of the building with wonder and admiration. Evidently Bivens had given his architects a free hand and they had wrought a poem in marble. So fascinated was Stuart with the beauty and perfection of the great house he walked around the block before entering, viewing it from every angle.

What a strange thing, this medieval palace, standing in stately beauty in the midst of the hideous, ugly uniformity of the most modern, anomalous and materialistic city of the world! What was its meaning?

Had a new master of the world really been born? Surely his like had never been seen in the history of man—this modern money maniac, this strange creature of iron muscles, always hurrying, daring, scheming, plotting, with never a moment's relaxation.

Stuart was shown into the drawing room by a powdered flunky whose costume was designed by one of the court tailors of Europe. While awaiting the arrival of the mistress of the house he looked about the room with increasing amazement. He found the perfection of grace, elegance, quiet richness and surprising beauty.

He began to realize for the first time the triumph of the woman who had battered him for gold. His eye rested on a life size portrait of Nan done by the foremost artist of Europe. The artist had caught the secret of her character and expressed it with genius in the poise of the superb form, the incarnation of sensuous, soulless beauty dominated by keen intelligence.

He wondered if she really showed the ten years added to her age. At least he knew that she had not been happy. There was some consolation in that. Her ceaseless efforts to win back his friendship had left no room for doubt. He sank deep into the great chair and silently waited her coming.

When Nan's radiant figure appeared in the doorway, her bare arm extended, her lips parted in a tender smile, Stuart knew that his face was red. The fact that he knew it increased his confusion until the whole room became a blur. Her hand touched his. The shock was sobering; he remembered himself and smiled.

"What a long, long time, Jim!"

"A thousand years—I think, Nan," he stammered.

"Nine hundred, to be exact, sir, but better late than never. I began to think your stubbornness would postpone this call until the next world. Mr. Bivens was detained downtown on business. I am awfully sorry he's not here to join in my welcome. But I am disappointed in you."

"Why?"

"My vanity is hurt. I expected to find you, after nine years, with deep lines of suffering written on your face. You are better looking than ever. The few gray hairs about your temples are extremely becoming. Your honors have given you a new repose, dignity and reserve power."

"Allow me to return the compliment by saying that you are even a more startling disappointment to me. I was sure that I should find you broken. You are far more beautiful than ever."

(Continued next week)

The only changes I see merely add to your power—the worldly wisdom which marriage writes on every woman's face, a new strength, a warmth and fascination and a conscious joy at which I wonder and rage."

"Why wonder and rage?"

She drew him gently to a seat by her side, leaned forward and gazed smilingly at him.

"When I see you tonight in all this splendor, so insolently happy"—

Nan sprang to her feet, laughing. "You are delicious tonight, Jim, and I'm so glad you are here. Come into the art gallery. It will take you days to see it; we'll just peep in tonight."

He followed her into a stately room packed with masterpieces of art. Stuart gazed a moment in rapture.

"You must spend days here, Jim. Now, honestly, with all your high-



"What a long time, Jim!"

browed ideals, wouldn't you like to own this?"

"No. Not if I had the wealth of Croesus."

"Why not?"

"It's a crime to rob the world of these masterpieces of genius. They should be the free inheritance and inspiration of all the children of men."

Nan gazed at Stuart in vague bewilderment and then a mischievous smile crept into the corners of her mouth.

"You're trying to throw dust in my eyes, but I can tell you what you are really thinking. You are really wondering why the wicked prosper."

"You are wrong," he replied slowly. "Why the wicked prosper has never worried me in the least. The first big religious idea I ever got hold of was that this is the best possible world God could have created—because it's free. Man must choose, otherwise his deeds have no meaning. A deed of mine is good merely because I have the power to do its opposite if I choose. In this free world, step by step, I can rise or fall through suffering and choosing."

"Oh, Jim," Nan broke in softly, "I've made you suffer horribly. You have the right to be hard and bitter."

He looked at Nan cautiously and began to study her every word and movement and weigh each accent. Did she mean what her words and tones implied? In a hundred little ways more eloquent than speech she had said to him tonight that the old love of the morning of life was still the one living thing. He put her to little tests to try the genuineness of her feeling.

He threw off his restraint and led her back to the scenes of their youth. When dinner ended she was leaning close, her eyes misty with tears, and a faraway look in them that told of memories more vivid and alluring than all the splendors of her palace. Stuart drew a breath of conscious triumph, and his figure suddenly grew tense with a desperate resolution. But only for a moment.

He frowned, looked at his watch and rose abruptly.

"I must be going, Nan," he said with sudden coldness.

"Why, Jim," she protested, "it's only 10 o'clock. I won't hear of such a thing."

"Yes, I must," he persisted. "I've an important case tomorrow. I must work tonight."

"You shall not go!" Nan cried. "I've waited nine years for this one evening's chat with you. Come into the music room, sit down and brood as long as you like. I've planned to charm you with an old accomplishment of mine tonight."

She led him to a rich couch, piled the pillows high, made him snug, drew a harp near the other end and began to tune its strings.

Stuart gazed at the paintings on the ceiling and in a moment was lost in visions of the future his excited fancy began to weave.

A voice whispered:

"Unless you are a coward, grasp the power that is yours by divine right of nature. Why should you walk while pygmies ride? Why should you lag behind the age in this fierce struggle for supremacy? The woman who sits before you is yours if you only dare to tear her from the man who holds her by the fiction of dying customs!"

He felt his heart throb as another voice within cried:

"Yet why should I, an heir to immortality, whose will can shape a world, why should I live a beast of prey with my hand against every man?"

(Continued next week)

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